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OVER THE EDGE
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DAREDEVIL
THE MAN WITHOUT FEAR!
MATTHEW M. MURDOCK
R.WAGNER
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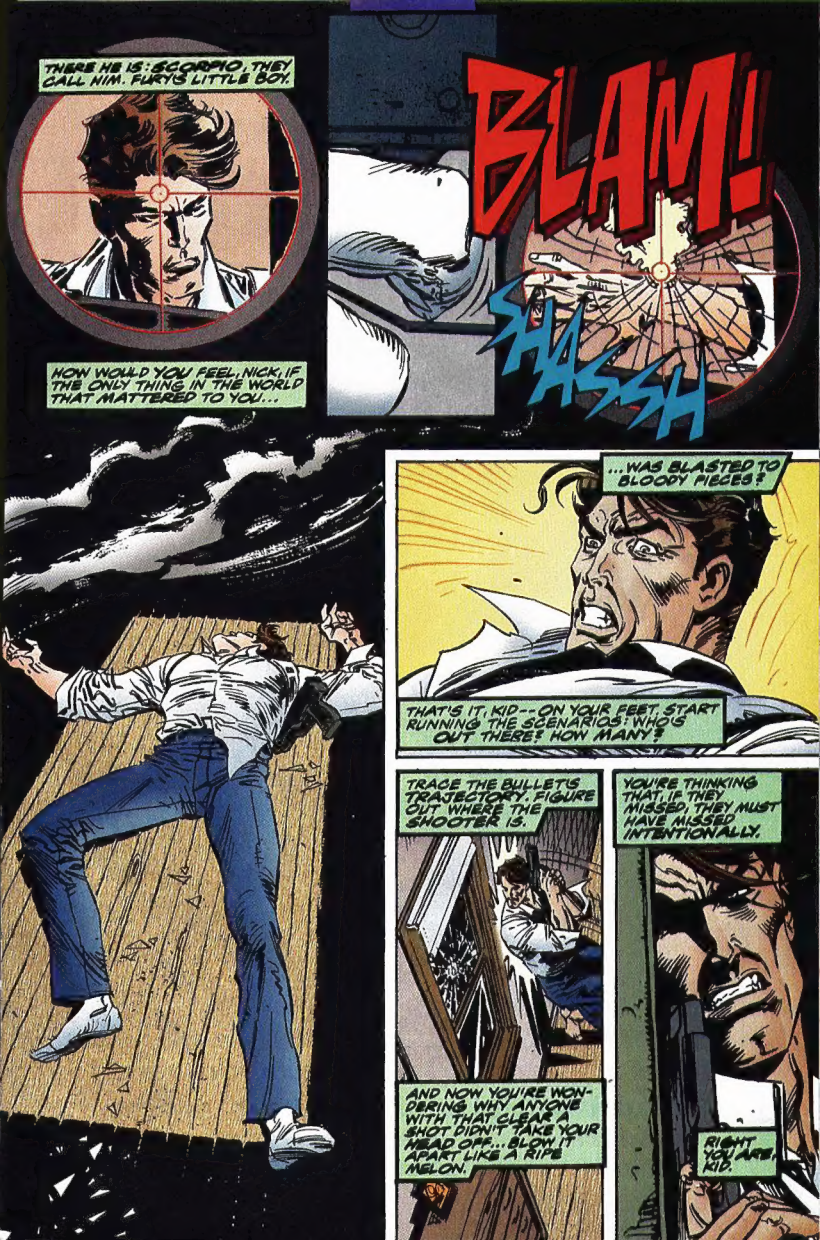
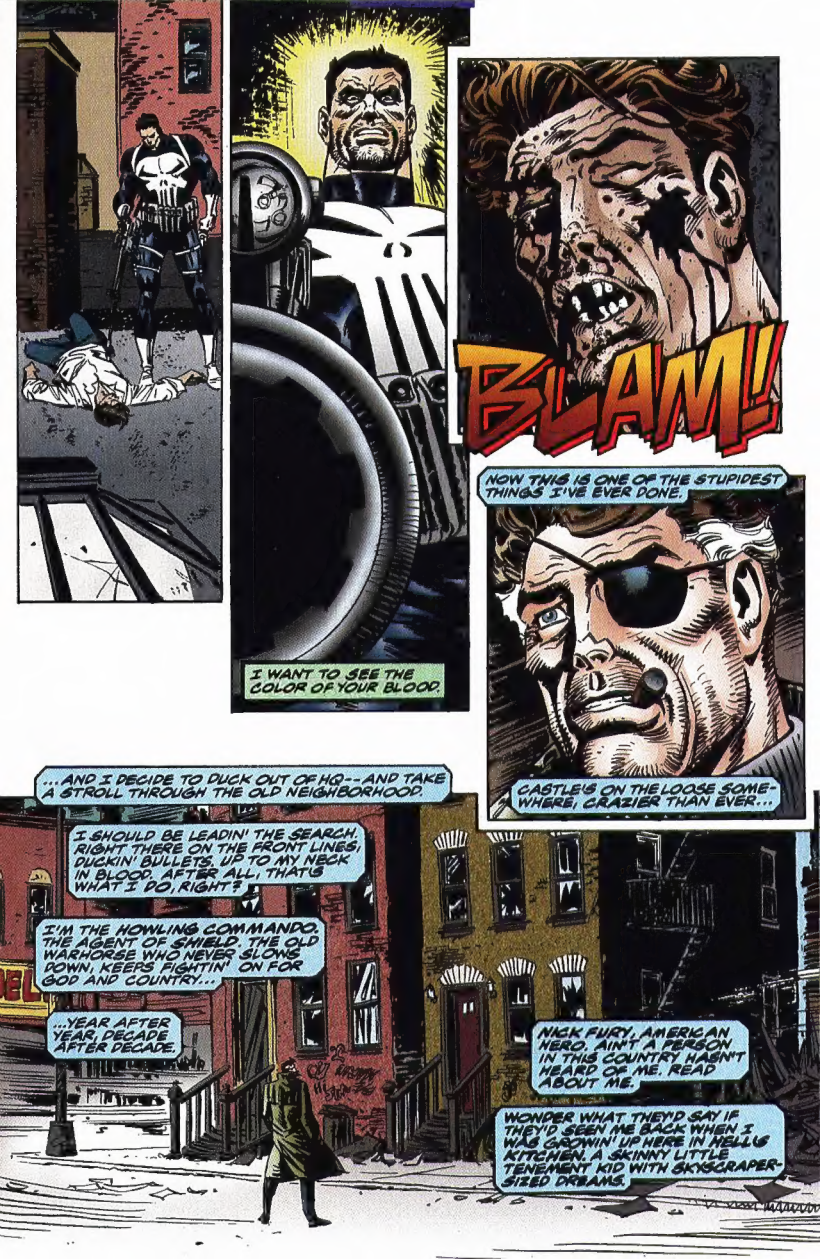
CHAK
RAKK
BROOT
KAKK
RUNNCH!
SRSAAAK
I LOVE THEIR FEAR.
STAN LEE PRESENTS DAREDEVIL THE MAN WITHOUT FEAR IN
OVER THE EDGE, PART TWO:
OLD SOLDIERS
J.M. DEMATTEIS WRITER
RON WAGNER PENCILER
BILL REINHOLD INKER
JIM NOVAK LETTERER
MAX SCHEELE COLORIST
MARIE JAVINS EDITOR
BOBBIE CHASE EDITOR-IN-CHIEF

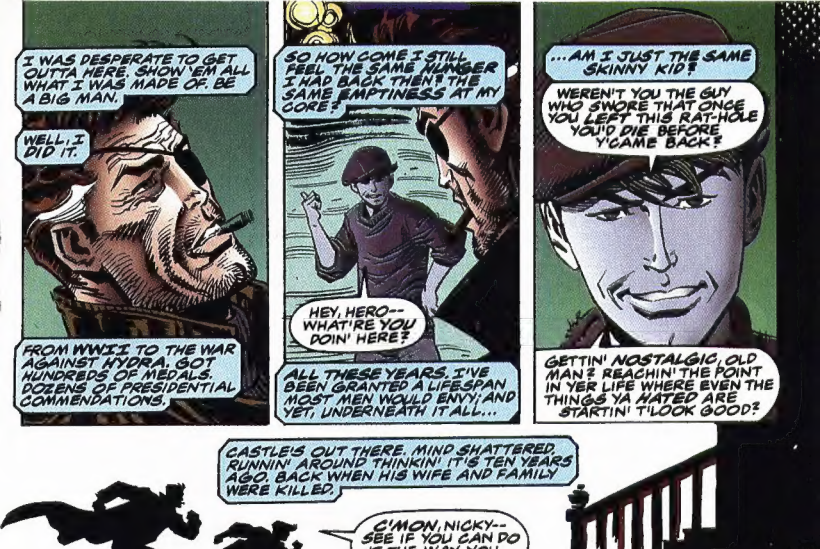
NOT PUNKS AND MAGGOTS: MEN! NOT BOTTOM-FEEDERS: HUMAN BEINGS!
THEY ROBBED A TWO-BIT EAST VILLAGE ART GALLERY OF A HUNDRED DOLLARS WORTH OF PAINTINGS.
THE MINUTE THEY SAW ME THEY DROPPED THE STUFF AND RAN. I COULD HAVE TAKEN THEM DOWN WITHOUT THROWING A PUNCH. HELL, I COULD HAVE LET THEM GO.
BUT WHAT DID I DO? CHASED THEM FOR BLOCKS, TOYING WITH THEM, LETTING THEIR FEAR BUILD TO WHITE HOT INTENSITY. AND, THEN--
AND THEN--!
DEAR GOD, I'M SORRY. DEAR GOD, FORGIVE ME. DEAR GOD...
...WHAT IS HAPPENING TO ME?

IS THIS THE RIGHT THING?
FOR A FEW PRECIOUS YEARS THEY SHOWED A JADED OLD SOLDIER THAT THERE WAS MORE TO LIFE THAN BLOOD AND THUNDER.
AM I DISHONORING THEIR MEMORY BY WHAT I'M DOING TONIGHT?
WILL PULLING A TRIGGER CHANGE THE PAST? BRING MY FAMILY BACK?
THAT LOVE COULD TRANSFORM EVEN THE MOST HARDENED HEART.
NO!
LOVE FAILED. LOVE DIED. NICK FURY KILLED IT. MURDERED MY WORLD.
THE FRANK CASTLE MY WIFE AND CHILDREN LOVED WAS AN ILLUSION. HE ONLY EXISTED BECAUSE THEY BELIEVED IN HIM.
WITH THEM GONE-- I AM WHO I ALWAYS WAS. WHO I'LL ALWAYS BE.
THE PUNISHER.


THERE HE IS: SCORPIO. THEY CALL HIM. FURY'S LITTLE BOY.
BLAM!
SHASSH
HOW WOULD YOU FEEL, NICK, IF THE ONLY THING IN THE WORLD THAT MATTERED TO YOU...
...WAS BLASTED TO BLOODY PIECES?
THAT'S IT, KID--ON YOUR FEET. START RUNNING THE SCENARIOS: WHO'S OUT THERE? HOW MANY?
TRACE THE BULLET'S TRAJECTORY. FIGURE OUT WHERE THE SHOOTER IS.
AND NOW YOU'RE WONDERING WHY ANYONE WITH THIS CLEAR A SHOT DIDN'T TAKE YOUR HEAD OFF... BLOW IT APART LIKE A RIPE MELON.
YOU'RE THINKING THAT IF THEY MISSED, THEY MUST HAVE MISSED INTENTIONALLY.
RIGHT. YOU ARE, KID.

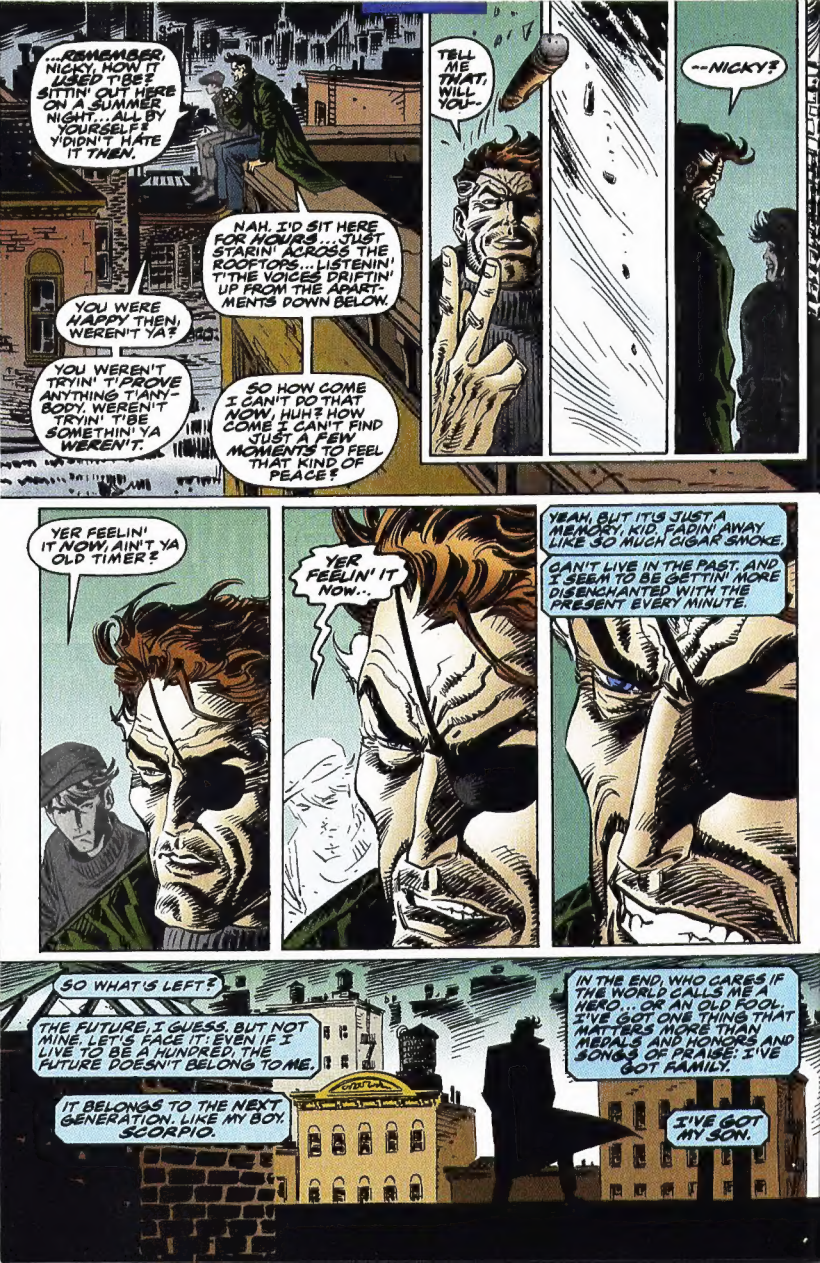
THAKK
RIGHT YOU ARE.
BEFORE I FINISH THIS, LITTLE BOY, I WANT TO SEE YOU SWEAT.
SHUK
PHKKK
I WANT TO TASTE YOUR FEAR.
SZZKKK


I WANT TO SEE THE COLOR OF YOUR BLOOD.
BLAM!
NOW THIS IS ONE OF THE STUPIDEST THINGS I'VE EVER DONE.
CASTLE'S ON THE LOOSE SOMEWHERE, CRAZIER THAN EVER...
...AND I DECIDE TO DUCK OUT OF HQ--AND TAKE A STROLL THROUGH THE OLD NEIGHBORHOOD.
I SHOULD BE LEADIN' THE SEARCH. RIGHT THERE ON THE FRONT LINES, DUCKIN' BULLETS. UP TO MY NECK IN BLOOD. AFTER ALL, THAT'S WHAT I DO, RIGHT?
I'M THE HOWLING COMMANDO. THE AGENT OF SHIELD. THE OLD WARHORSE WHO NEVER SLOWS DOWN, KEEPS FIGHTIN' ON FOR GOD AND COUNTRY...
...YEAR AFTER YEAR, DECADE AFTER DECADE.
NICK FURY, AMERICAN HERO. AIN'T A PERSON IN THIS COUNTRY HASN'T HEARD OF ME. READ ABOUT ME.
WONDER WHAT THEY'D SAY IF THEY'D SEEN ME BACK WHEN I WAS GROWIN' UP HERE IN HELL'S KITCHEN. A SKINNY LITTLE TENEMENT KID WITH SKYSCRAPER-SIZED DREAMS.

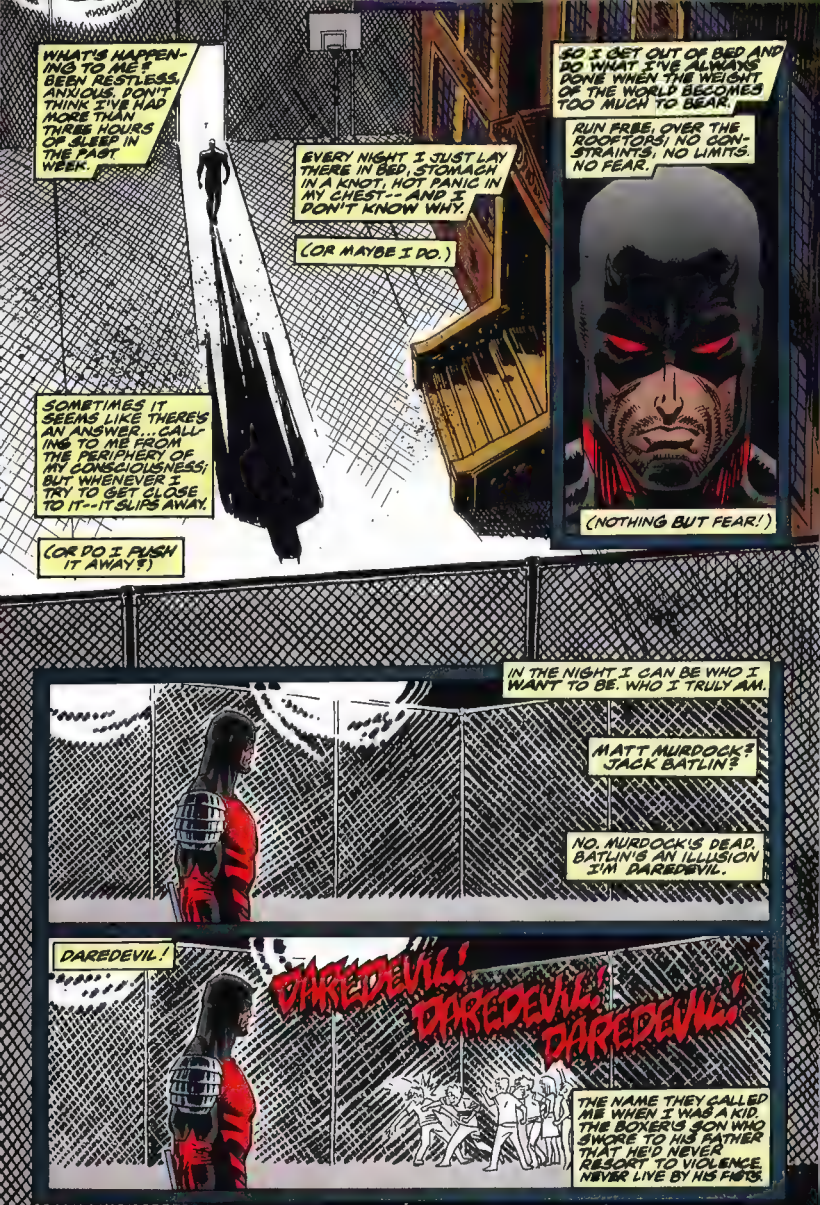

I WAS DESPERATE TO GET OUTTA HERE. SHOW 'EM ALL WHAT I WAS MADE OF. BE A BIG MAN.
WELL, I DID IT.
FROM WWII TO THE WAR AGAINST HYDRA. GOT HUNDREDS OF MEDALS. DOZENS OF PRESIDENTIAL COMMENDATIONS.
SO HOW COME I STILL FEEL THE SAME HUNGER I HAD BACK THEN? THE SAME EMPTINESS AT MY CORE?
HEY, HERO-- WHAT'RE YOU DOIN' HERE?
ALL THESE YEARS, I'VE BEEN GRANTED A LIFESPAN MOST MEN WOULD ENVY; AND YET, UNDERNEATH IT ALL...
...AM I JUST THE SAME SKINNY KID?
WEREN'T YOU THE GUY WHO SWORE THAT ONCE YOU LEFT THIS RAT-HOLE YOU'D DIE BEFORE Y'CAME BACK?
GETTIN' NOSTALGIC, OLD MAN? REACHIN' THE POINT IN YER LIFE WHERE EVEN THE THINGS YA HATED ARE STARTIN' T'LOOK GOOD?


CASTLE'S OUT THERE. MIND SHATTERED. RUNNIN' AROUND THINKIN' IT'S TEN YEARS AGO. BACK WHEN HIS WIFE AND FAMILY WERE KILLED.
C'MON, NICKY-- SEE IF YOU CAN DO IT THE WAY YOU USED TO!

AND HERE I AM, CHASIN' MEMORIES UP FIRE ESCAPES.
IS THAT WHY I'M HERE?
AM I SO SICK OF THE FIGHTING AND THE BLOOD THAT I'D RATHER LOSE MYSELF IN YESTERDAY... LEAVE THE WAR TO YOUNGER MEN? OR IS THERE SOMETHIN' I NEED TO LEARN HERE? SOMETHIN' I NEED TO...


...REMEMBER, NICKY, HOW IT USED T'BE? SITTIN' OUT HERE ON A SUMMER NIGHT... ALL BY YOURSELF? Y'DIDN'T HATE IT THEN.
NAH. I'D SIT HERE FOR HOURS... JUST STARIN' ACROSS THE ROOFTOPS... LISTENIN' T'THE VOICES DRIFTIN' UP FROM THE APARTMENTS DOWN BELOW.
YOU WERE HAPPY THEN, WEREN'T YA?
YOU WEREN'T TRYIN' T'PROVE ANYTHING T'ANYBODY, WEREN'T TRYIN' T'BE SOMETHIN' YA WEREN'T.
SO HOW COME I CAN'T DO THAT NOW, HUH? HOW COME I CAN'T FIND JUST A FEW MOMENTS TO FEEL THAT KIND OF PEACE?
TELL ME THAT, WILL YOU--
--NICKY?
YER FEELIN' IT NOW, AIN'T YA OLD TIMER?
YER FEELIN' IT NOW...
YEAH, BUT IT'S JUST A MEMORY, KID. FADIN' AWAY LIKE SO MUCH CIGAR SMOKE.
CAN'T LIVE IN THE PAST. AND I SEEM TO BE GETTIN' MORE DISENCHANTED WITH THE PRESENT EVERY MINUTE.
SO WHAT'S LEFT?
THE FUTURE, I GUESS. BUT NOT MINE. LET'S FACE IT: EVEN IF I LIVE TO BE A HUNDRED, THE FUTURE DOESN'T BELONG TO ME.
IT BELONGS TO THE NEXT GENERATION. LIKE MY BOY, SCORPIO.
IN THE END, WHO CARES IF THE WORLD CALLS ME A HERO... OR AN OLD FOOL. I'VE GOT ONE THING THAT MATTERS MORE THAN MEDALS AND HONORS AND SONGS OF PRAISE: I'VE GOT FAMILY.
I'VE GOT MY SON.

MATTHEW MURDOCK


WHAT'S HAPPENING TO ME? I'VE BEEN RESTLESS, ANXIOUS. DON'T THINK I'VE HAD MORE THAN THREE HOURS OF SLEEP IN THE PAST WEEK.
EVERY NIGHT I JUST LAY THERE IN BED, STOMACH IN A KNOT, HOT PANIC IN MY CHEST -- AND I DON'T KNOW WHY.
(OR MAYBE I DO.)
SOMETIMES IT SEEMS LIKE THERE'S AN ANSWER... CALLING TO ME FROM THE PERIPHERY OF MY CONSCIOUSNESS; BUT WHENEVER I TRY TO GET CLOSE TO IT -- IT SLIPS AWAY.
(OR DO I PUSH IT AWAY?)
SO I GET OUT OF BED AND DO WHAT I'VE ALWAYS DONE WHEN THE WEIGHT OF THE WORLD BECOMES TOO MUCH TO BEAR.
RUN FREE, OVER THE ROOFTOPS; NO CONSTRAINTS, NO LIMITS. NO FEAR.
(NOTHING BUT FEAR!)
IN THE NIGHT I CAN BE WHO I WANT TO BE. WHO I TRULY AM.
MATT MURDOCK? JACK BATLIN?
NO. MURDOCK'S DEAD. BATLIN'S AN ILLUSION I'M DAREDEVIL.
DAREDEVIL!
DAREDEVIL! DAREDEVIL! DAREDEVIL!
THE NAME THEY CALLED ME WHEN I WAS A KID. THE BOXER'S SON WHO SWORE TO HIS FATHER THAT HE'D NEVER RESORT TO VIOLENCE. NEVER LIVE BY HIS FISTS.

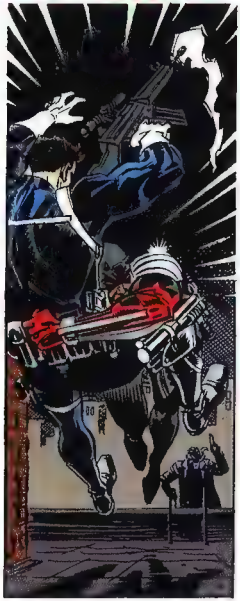
SO I JUST STOOD THERE AND LET THEM POUND ME. HUMILIATE ME. RIGHT HERE IN THIS VERY SCHOOL YARD.
DAREDEVIL!
DAY AFTER ENDLESS DAY.
DAREDEVIL!
I HATE YOU!
PUNKS. MAGGOTS. BOTTOM-FEEDERS.
HEY.. DAREDEVIL.
DAREDEVIL!
DON'T CALL ME THAT.
DAREDEVIL!
THEY SAY CHILDHOOD IS PURE. AN INNOCENT TIME TO LOOK BACK UPON FOR SOLACE-- WHEN OUR LIVES SPIN OUT OF CONTROL.
(LOST MOTHER. MURDERED FATHER. BLIND EYES.)
WHAT A JOKE!
(LIES!)

MATT KEPT HIS PROMISE TO HIS FATHER... BUT DAREDEVIL RAN WILD. DAREDEVIL LAUGHED. DAREDEVIL...
DAREDEVIL! DAREDEVIL!
I SAID--
...SINNED.
HEY, HORNHEAD--
--DON'T CALL ME THAT!
--GET A MAJOR GRIP!
SHANNG
GOOD ADVICE. PULL YOURSELF OUT OF YESTERDAY. FOCUS ON THE...
...NOW:
GRAVEL VOICE. HAIR DYE. AWFUL COLOGNE. EXPENSIVE CIGAR.
NICK FURY--?
TOOK Y'LONG ENOUGH TRIGURE IT OUT.

SORRY, FURY. DIDN'T MEAN TO COME AT YOU LIKE THAT.
I'M RUNNING ON TOO LITTLE SLEEP. AND MY MIND WAS... SOMEPLACE ELSE.
BUT--WHAT ARE YOU DOING HERE?
I DUNNO. CHASING GHOSTS?
I GREW UP IN THAT RAT-HOLE ACROSS THE STREET. FOR SOME IDIOTIC REASON, I THOUGHT IT'D BE A GOOD NIGHT T'TOUR THE OLD NEIGHBORHOOD.
STUPID, HUH?
NOT SO STUPID.
I'VE BEEN CHASING A FEW GHOSTS OF MY OWN TONIGHT.
YEAH? Y'CATCH ANY?
UH-UH. HOW ABOUT YOU?
NAH.
NO LUCK AT ALL.

SO...AH... LOOK--
--I DUNNO IF YOU'RE A DRINKIN' MAN, BUT MAYBE WE COULD--
SWEAT AND RAGE. POUNDING HEART. OIL AND STEEL. RIFLE COCKED.
FURY--
DOWN!
BRAKABRAKABRAKABRAK
PUNISHER!
FURY!
I'M GONNA HAVE YOUR HEAD, YOU ANIMAL!
BUDABUDABUDA
I'M GONNA HAVE YOUR #$%#£*# HEAD!
WELL, THIS JUST ABOUT MAKES MY NIGHT!
SPAK AK AK
THAT'S IT, OLD MAN: RUN. BUT THAT AIN'T NO GHOST YOU'RE TRYIN' TO KEEP UP WITH NOW.
LOOK AT HIM GO! I COULD MOVE LIKE THAT!

ONCE.
FUFF
BRAKABRAKABRAKABRAK



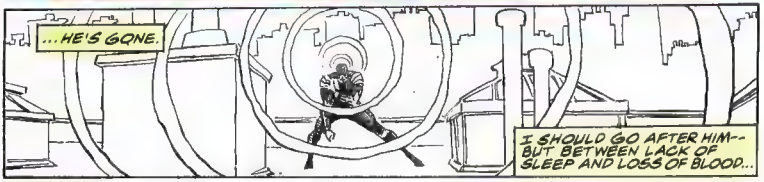
KLIK
EASE UP, FRANK.

I'VE KILLED TOO MANY MEN IN MY LIFE--
--AND I REALLY DON'T WANNA ADD YOU TO THE LIST.

SURE, NICK. NO PROBLEM.
BUT, IF I WERE YOU, I'D STOP WORRYING ABOUT ME--AND START WORRYING ABOUT YOUR KID.
WHAT'RE YOU BABBLIN' ABOUT, CASTLE?
THE SCHOOLYARD, NICK.
TAKE A LOOK.
NICK... WAIT--
--YOU CAN'T JUST--

THWAK!

WHAT WAS I THINKING... TURNING MY BACK ON CASTLE?
I'M LUCKY HE DIDN'T PUMP ANOTHER BULLET INTO ME.
BUT AS IT IS...

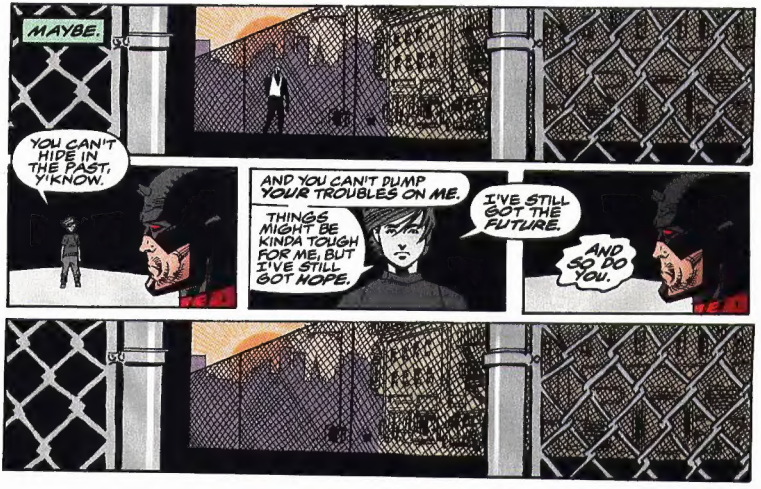

...HE'S GONE.
I SHOULD GO AFTER HIM-- BUT BETWEEN LACK OF SLEEP AND LOSS OF BLOOD...

...I'M NEXT-TO USELESS.
SCORPIO... HANG ON, KID. YOUR OLD MAN'S HERE. WE'LL HAVE YOU BACK TOGETHER IN NO TIME.
Y'HEAR ME, SCORPIO?

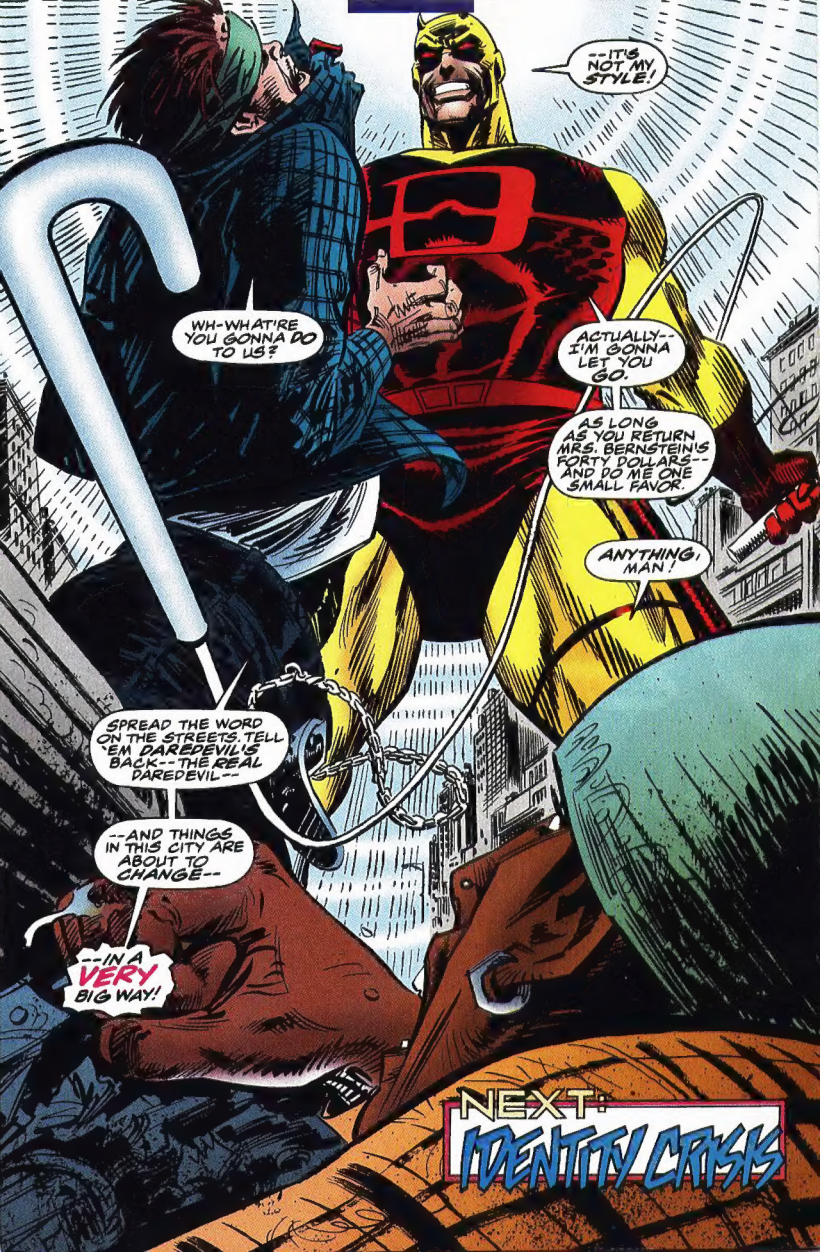
SCORPIO?

NICK--
--I'M SORRY.
STUPID, INEFFECTUAL WORDS.
I REMEMBER WHEN MY FATHER DIED--ALL THE SORROWFUL LOOKS, THE EMPTY WORDS, JUST MADE ME ANGRY. MADE ME--
WAIT A MINUTE!
CALL SHIELD!
GET A MEDICAL TEAM HERE!
WHAT THE DEVIL ARE YOU--?
HE'S NOT DEAD!
PUMPED WITH ENOUGH CHEMICALS TO SLOW HIS HEARTBEAT AND RESPIRATION TO A POINT WHERE EVEN MY HYPER-SENSES NEARLY MISSED THEM.
BUT HE'S ALIVE!
...PUNISHER MUST HAVE BEEN USING A VARIATION ON HIS OLD "MERCY BULLETS." WANTED TO SIMULATE DEATH--MAKE YOU THINK YOU'D LOST YOUR SON.
I OWE YA, BIG TIME.
YEAH...BUT HE DOSED HIM WITH TOO MUCH O' THE STUFF. IF NOT FOR YOU, HORNHEAD, THE KID WOULD'VE DIED.
BUT NOT HALF AS BIG--
UNLIKE YOU! I DON'T DO FAMILIES. THIS IS BETWEEN US! YOU WILL BE PUNISHED!

"--AS I OWE CASTLE."
DON'T HATE ME FOR WHAT I'M DOING, PLEASE. YOU HAVE TO UNDERSTAND...
...WITHOUT YOU IN MY LIFE, THIS IS ALL I KNOW. THIS IS ALL I AM.
MAYBE, WHEN IT'S OVER.. WHEN FURY'S HEART IS AS BROKEN AS MINE, WHEN HE'S PAID IN BLOOD FOR WHAT HE DID TO US... I'LL PUT THE GUN DOWN. I'LL WALK AWAY.
I'LL KNOW PEACE.


MAYBE.
YOU CAN'T HIDE IN THE PAST, Y'KNOW.
AND YOU CAN'T DUMP YOUR TROUBLES ON ME.
THINGS MIGHT BE KINDA TOUGH FOR ME, BUT I'VE STILL GOT HOPE.
I'VE STILL GOT THE FUTURE.
AND SO DO YOU.

KEEP RUNNIN'!
I CAN'T BELIEVE HE CAUGHT US BREAKIN' INTO MRS. BERNSTEIN'S APARTMENT.
WHOSE IDEA WAS THIS, ANYWAY?
YOURS.
WE LOSE HIM?
YOU KIDDIN'?
KEEP RUNNIN', MAN!
A VERY STUPID IDEA.
CHEK
DON'T HURT US, MAN!
WOULDN'T THINK OF IT, KID--


--IT'S NOT MY STYLE!
WH-WHAT'RE YOU GONNA DO TO US?
ACTUALLY--I'M GONNA LET YOU GO.
AS LONG AS YOU RETURN MRS. BERNSTEIN'S FORTY DOLLARS--AND DO ME ONE SMALL FAVOR.
ANYTHING, MAN!
SPREAD THE WORD ON THE STREETS. TELL 'EM DAREDEVIL'S BACK--THE REAL DAREDEVIL--
--AND THINGS IN THIS CITY ARE ABOUT TO CHANGE--
--IN A VERY BIG WAY!
NEXT: IDENTITY CRISIS